

Agricultural.

Interesting Notes on the Peach, by a Lady
I have read with much interest the letter from Mr. DANA, enclosed in your note of March 1st, describing the effects of the Red Spider on the Peach trees in Massachusetts, and also examined with great care the eggs on the peach bark sent with the letter. This species is new to me.

I have no doubt of the truth of Mr. DANA's statement, that trees so infested will, and must be victims to such a pest, and those trees do die of the yellows; but that the Red Spider is the only cause of yellows, I must beg leave to doubt. After years of careful investigation, I have arrived at the conclusion that whatever impedes the healthy circulation of the sap of that delicate, & wily produce the yellows; is inevitable, and sooner the tree is cut down and burned, the better it will be for the fruit grower, as it saves time and trouble.

That the Red Spider is not the only cause of the yellows in the Peach tree can be proved beyond doubt, as all intelligent observers will agree, that whatever cause obstructs the natural flow of the sap, either in the spring or autumn, will produce disease in that delicate organized tree.

The Peach tree, like the Grape, vine is supplied with a redundancy of sap, which pours into the large and tender sap vessels as soon as the first warm rays of the sun thaw the earth and quickens the sap in the roots, every bud swells, and the rushing sap struggles to expand itself in leaves and flowers. If this takes place prematurely, a sever frost follows, the sap freezing bursts the sap vessels, blights the leaf and flower buds, and a general disorganization of the functions of the tree follows. The sap, obstructed in its course, forms a thousand new channels, shoots out in numerous sticky yellow twigs, and oozes out in gum from every wound or split, in the bark, then the tree must die.

The well known *Erytaria excisa*, or Peach Borer, is a fruitful source of the yellows in all the Middle and Southern States. This insect deposits her eggs in the bark near the roots of the Peach tree; the grubs soon hatch and generate into the sap vessels, on which they feed ferociously, gnawing their tortuous paths in and around the roots, cutting off the passage of the ascending sap. For a time the tree shows no signs of the concealed foe; but as the grubs grow large, and their pads widen, they girdle the tree; the branches then wither, and the sickly shoots in August show that death is inevitable. The grubs should have been taken out in July; it is too late when the yellow, sickly shoots appear; then cut the tree down, burn it and kill the grubs, or you raise a family of enemies for the next year.

The *Tomicus liminaria*, a minute bark beetle, proves, when numerous, a deadly foe to the Peach tree. This little insect sometimes makes its presence felt rather than acknowledged; as, both in the grub and beetle form, it inhabits the bark, and seldom appears in the day-time. Its flight is in the night, and it generally spreads from tree to tree, alighting on and infecting those branches and trees nearest the one first attacked. This, it is believed, is the infectious yellow.

A few years since, eighteen trees in my garden were destroyed in one summer by the *Tomicus liminaria*; the eggs were deposited in the sap vessels of the bark, all over the tree, and in one case not an inch of the bark escaped, from the top branch to the root; the irritation was extreme, somewhat analogous to the itch in the human skin. The obstructed, yet stimulated sap threw itself out at every bad in sickly yellow twigs, and the tree died of exhaustion. The disease spread rapidly, and eighteen trees were destroyed before the cause was discovered. They had been carefully protected from the borer (*Erytaria*) and the dark green of the leaves in the spring showed there was nothing in the soil that disagreed with the roots. The trees were then cut down and burned, and the infectious yellows disappeared from the garden.

When Peach trees have been cultivated for years in the same garden, the soil becomes exhausted of the nourishment that is essential to them. Care should then be taken to remove the old soil, and replace it with such as is well known to agree with Peach trees. Sickly trees may then become healthy and bear good fruit; but seedlings raised from unhealthy trees will generally prove sickly, and die of the yellows.

In the neighborhood of Baltimore, the Peach is cultivated in great perfection and with little care; the soil of that region is rich in mineral salts, such as alum and saltpeter. Does not this lead to the supposition that a judicious mingling of these would be essential in a soil where these minerals are not found? And Peach growers frequently mingle both these salts with common salt, and sprinkle it around their trees, and if the trees are free from insects the result is always good.

If these observations, drawn from a life of experience in the culture of the Peach, can be of service to you, it will give great pleasure to your friend M. H. MORRIS.

We insert this communication with great pleasure, as probably no one in the world has devoted more time and careful study to the subject than the distinguished authoress, and in a knowledge of whose services in the cause of science, the Academy of Natural Sciences has recently conferred on her the degree of honorary membership—the first lady, we believe, who has been so honored by it. We have known Miss Morris' Peach, trees to be heavily laden with fruit, when all others have failed in the vicinity, attesting the value of her views by their success; and our own experience confirms her suggestions on the importance of mineral manures. —E. J.—*Gardener's Monthly*

Tomatoes for Milch Cows.—W. C. Earl of Toledo, Ohio, states that he fed his cow tomatoes, green, ripe, and thawed out after freezing last fall, with good results: "They not only caused her to give a good supply, but a rich quality of milk." In his opinion, there is no vegetable superior to the tomato for making milk.

The apportionment under the census, now being taken, will be reported at the next session of Congress, in order to afford ample time to the legislatures which meet only biennially, as well as others, to distribute their several States. The new apportionment will not get into effect until the thirty-first Congress, the term of which commences the 4th of March, 1863.

Burke for Abe Lincoln.

TUNE—“Bastard Dance.”
Burke! Burke! did you hear the news?
The Democrats have got the blues;
They're purged now, and all afraid,
To meet the public in their dress.
Then shout, frenzies, shout!
Shout, frenzies, shout!

We'll all unite,
And bravely fight,
For the Star of Freedom's dawning,
Hill! ho! etc.

In all their ranks they can not find
A candidate to suit their minds.
They kick and squirm, “It's us no use,”
The game is up, their platform's loose.
Then shout, frenzies, shout!

Shout, frenzies, shout!
We'll all unite,
And bravely fight,
For the Star of Freedom's dawning,
Hill! ho! etc.

They know that they'll be beaten the day,
So they'll pack up with Steeple & Co.,
And as sell to their running swine,
I think they'd better take up Hill.
Then shout, frenzies, shout!

Shout, frenzies, shout!

We'll all unite,
And bravely fight,
For the Star of Freedom's dawning,
Hill! ho! etc.

I hear they've bought an old steam tug,
On which they place their flag, and plains;
For the Star of Freedom's dawning,
They'll coast to come too near the ground.
Then shout, frenzies, shout!

Shout, frenzies, shout!

We'll all unite,
And bravely fight,
For the Star of Freedom's dawning,
Hill! ho! etc.

We'll give them Hill enough this fall,
To satisfy them one and all;
Served up in style, with oil and plains;
Then shout, frenzies, shout!

Shout, frenzies, shout!

We'll all unite,
And bravely fight,
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We'll give them Hill enough this fall,
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